

Roy Rogers

COMICS

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Roy Rogers

AND THE TOWERS OF GOLD





ZACH BARNETT, YOU DID
HORNED ROAD! DO YOU ALWAYS
WELCOME YOUR FRIENDS
WITH A NECKTIE PARTY?

SHUT UP, YOU
DARNED OUTLAW!
AND FACE FRONT!



HOLD ON! I KNOW
THAT VOICE...



ROY ROGERS! FOR
MY SOUL—WHERE IN
THUNDER DID YOU
DROP FROM?

GOT YOUR LETTER AND
TOOK THE SHORTEST WAY
HERE, ZACH.



I CUT YOUR WIRE—AND HAD TO
RESCUE THE INDIAN BEFORE I
COULD FIX IT. HE WAS STUCK IN
THE SNARE.

HUH? YOU
MEAN MY COWS
DIDN'T GO
THROUGH THE
FENCE?



YOU WORK TOO FAST FOR AN OLD-
TIMER LIKE ME, ROY! FIRST
CRACK YOU'VE CAUGHT ONE
OF THE SKUNKS WHO'RE
RUNNIN' OFF MY
HEADS AND—

PULL UP,
OLD FRIEND—
YOUR LEGS
DRAGGIN'



THEN I—I GIVE UP! I KNOW BAD
COWS CAN'T VANISH—BUT MINE
HAVE BEEN DOWN IT. I WAS
HOPIN' YOU COULD FIND THE
ANSWER, ROY.



GLENN! ARE YOU FUMED
LOO? HANG BACK ROY
ROBERTS GUNS!

YEAH! HE STILL HASN'T
SAID WHY HE CUT OUR
WIFE—OR RESCUED
THAT PREAKIN' MAWWD



BLAST YOUR HIDE, GLENN CORBIN!
YOU'RE INSULTIN' A MAN THAT'S
WORTH TEN OF
YOUR APPOLOOZE
NOW, OR—

OHAY, HAVE IT
YOUR OWN
WAY, DAD.



SURPH ROBERTS DAD
BARNETT'S WORD
GOES AROUND
HERE

SEEMS THAT
WAY, CORBIN



THAT'S MY SECOND WIFE'S ORPHANED
BOY—A TOP HAND, BUT MEAN, LIKE
HIS FATHER. JUST TRY TO OVERLOOK
HIM, ROY



HEY, BOSS— WHAT YOU WANT
WITH THIS KYOTE I GOT MY
ROPE ON?



RUN HIM OFF—AND IF HE EVER
COMES THROUGH MY WIFE AGAIN
SHOOT HIM!





SEEMING THE ONLY YOUR STEPSON,
I DON'T FIT INTO THIS TOUCHING
FAMILY PICTURE... OOOO
NIGHT!



GLENN! COME
BACK HERE! GANG
BLAST YOUR
INFERNAL SASS!

PLEASE, DAD! LET HIM GO
HE'S JUST ON EDGE
TONIGHT!



I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM,
MR. ROGERS... AND - PLEASE
FORGIVE US FOR DRAGGING
YOU INTO THIS FAMILY
UNPLEASANTNESS.

YOU'RE NOT
TO BLAME
ALL I WANT
IS TO HELP



LATE THAT EVENING ROY SITS UP
SOFTLY STRUMMING HIS GUITAR



UNDER THE WINDY WINDOW LIES A WHITE-
HAIRIED FIGURE - FACE DOWN

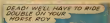














HE RUNS AS IF HE KNOWS
IT'S FOR LIFE OR
DEATH!



THERE'S JOHN'S HODAN
AND — OH! — LOOK —
UNDER THE TREE!



IT'S JOHN!
WE CAME —
TOO LATE!

CLOSER
TRIGGER!



MAYBE — JUST MAYBE — WERE
NOT TOO LATE!



GET DOWN HERE
QUICK, LOOK!
— AND GRASP
HIS THROAT!

OH! OH! YOU'RE UP —
HE'S STILL — ALIVE!



UGH! YOU HERE —
MY SISTER! NOW...
HOW COMES?

JOHN DEAR — MY
BROTHER! OH,
THANK GOD YOU'RE
— ALIVE!



WHY
YOUR FATHER
SEND-UM MEN
TO KILL ME?

HE DIDN'T! DAD IS DEAD. JOHN
MURDERED IN HOUR AGO!
SOMEBODY PLACED A MOUTH
ORGAN IN THE DARK
SO YOU WOULD
BE BLAMED.



HE WENT SORRY MY SISTER!
HE SCARED FOR YOU, TOO.
KILLER PLENTY SMART—
KETCH-UM ME ASLEEP DRIFT-
UM MY MOUTH... NEXT
THING, WHA KILL-UM YOU!



NOMBODY'S GOING TO KILL JONAS BARNETT
WHILE I'M ALIVE JOHN. YOU'VE DONE
YOUR BIT TO HELP HER—
NOW IT'S MY TURN.

UGH! YOU
TALK-UM STRAIGHT
HOW THEY CALLED
LOH YOU?



THIS IS ROY ROGERS,
JOHN—DAD'S FRIEND.
HE CAME TO HELP
US STOP THE
RUSTLING.

UGH! YOU GOT-UM
HEAP BIG JOB
ROY ROGERS?
WE KNOW!



JUST WHAT DO
YOU KNOW JOHN,
ABOUT THE
RUSTLING?

WE FIND-UM ROAD
THROUGH SWAMP—SOLID
GROUND JUST UNDER AND
WE FOLLOW-UM TILL
RIFLE BULLETS DRIVE-UM
ME BACK.



THAT EXPLAINS WHY
THEY PICKED TONIGHT FOR
MURDER! THE RIFLEMAN
IN THE SWAMP REPORTED
JOHN SHOOTING—

—AND THEY
KNEW HE'D
GET WORD
TO ME!

BUT WHY—WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO RUN DAD OR MURDER HIM? HE HAD NO ENEMIES EVEN OLSEN CORBIN WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO GAIN HATEFUL AS HE IS!



BUT JOHN ONE THING IS SURE! YOU MUST GO NOW TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE—LET OLSEN AND HIS CREW THINK YOU'RE DEAD. YOU CAN'T HELP BY STAYING HERE!

LOAN! YOU'VE KILLED MY SISTER!



WE GO! HESSEBO, BY AND BY YOU COME TO MY COUNTRY WE HELP UM YOU THEN HASTA LUGBO!



HE'S GONE, ROY—AND DAD'S GONE—AND I HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO GO BACK TO!

YOU HAVE A LOT TO GO BACK TO! YOU'RE THE DAUGHTER OF A BRAVE OLD FIGHTING MAN YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW!



THANKS, ROY ROBERTS. THAT'S WHAT DAD WOULD HAVE SAID... I WON'T QUIT TILL I'VE ROUNDED UP HIS MURDERER!

GOOD GIRL! AND YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO STICK BY!



OUR FIRST MOVE IS TO LOCATE THE MISSING "Z BAR" CATTLE!

TONIGHT!



THERE'S NO BETTER TIME!
THE MOON WILL GIVE
ENOUGH LIGHT TO FIND
THE ROAD THROUGH
THE SWAMP.

AND NOT
ENOUGH LIGHT
FOR GOOD
SHOOTING IF
THE RUSTLERS
SPOT US.



THERE'S THE PLACE
WHERE I PULLED
JOHN OUT OF THE
MUD, AND WHERE THE
HIDDEN ROAD BEGINS.

LISTEN!



I HEARD A COW BAWL OVER
THAT WAY! THERE - IT'S
MORE THAN ONE!



IT'S A HERD ON THE
MOVE - AND RIDERS
WITH IT, HEADING
THIS WAY.

THE
RUSTLERS!



THE MOON IS A GOOD FRIEND TO US
IN THE SWAMP.





DON'T LET 'EM BREAK!
GET 'EM STARTED AND
THE REST'LL FOLLOW!



THAT'S GLENN
CORBIN'S VOICE!

I RECOGNIZED
ANOTHER OF YOUR
RIDERS. HAVEN'T
YOU ANY MAN
YOU CAN TRUST?



ARISE BUT YOU, ROY! ONE AT
A TIME GLENN GOT SASSY OLD
HANDS TO QUIT-AND PICKED
TOUGH GUINNESS TO
REPLACE THEM

I SUPPOSE CORBIN'S EXCUSE
WAS THE NEED OF TOUGH
BOYS TO CATCH
THE RUSTLERS!



YES—
BUT, ROY!
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?



I'M FOLLOWING THOSE COWS—WANT
HERE TILL I COME BACK

TRIGGER'S HOOPS SLAM
INTO THE TREACHEROUS
DOZE. THE REARMOST
CATTLE ARE A DIM
BLUR AHEAD





THEY'VE GOT A HIDDEN
FRAUD IN HERE AND
ENOUGH COWS TO COVER
ALL SACK BURNETT'S LOSSES



MESQUITE! HOW'D YOU
GET AHEAD OF ME
SO QUICK?

WHAT IN TIME ARE YOU RIDING?
ABOUT RED? I BOGE
IN AHEAD
OF YOU



THEN WE'VE BEEN TRAILED! TELL
COBBIN A SPY CAME IN RIGHT
BEHIND ME!



THOSE SHOTS ARE A SIGNAL,
TRIGGER-THEY'VE
FLOORED AN EXTRA
RIDER CAMP IN



OFF THE TRAIL ALREADY-
AND SINKING!

THEY'VE NEVER LET US FOLLOW
THEM OUT, BOY! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY
FOR THE HIDDEN ROAD ALONE-
OR SHOOT IT OUT!







ONE HOUR LATER A LONE RIDER NEARS THE CLUMP OF WILLOWS



NEXT DAY FRIENDS AND
ACQUAINTANCES OF ZACH
BARNETT STREAM TOWARD
THE COURTHOUSE AT THE
COUNTY SEAT...



WHERE THE CORONER'S JURY SITS
AT THE INQUEST



NEIGHBORS AND GENTS
OF THE JURY, COME
TO ORDER!

THE VERDICT, DOC, IS MURDER—
AT THE HANDS OF A LOW-DOWN
SHUNK-BITTEN INJUN KNOWN
AS HARMONICA JOHN...
AND HE USED A
FORTY-FIVE!

YOU, ON THE JURY, HAVE
VIEWED THE CORPSE OF
ZACHARY BARNETT AND
THE BULLETS TAKEN FROM
IT. YOU'VE HEARD THE
EVIDENCE—NOW WHAT'S
YOUR VERDICT?



YOU'VE HEARD THE
JURY'S VERDICT, JIMMY.
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE
TO DO ABOUT IT?



DAWG-GONE IF, DOC,
WHAT CAN I DO THAT
INJUN'S ALREADY
BEEN HUNG!



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON A SOLEMN CROWD ACCOMPANIES JACK BARNETT TO HIS LAST RESTING PLACE...



...AND SUNK IN DEEP THOUGHT, CORBIN RIDES BACK TO THE BARREL RANCH.

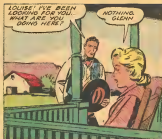


FOR A WEEK HE GUADES HIS OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER, GROWING DAILY MORE INDIFFERENT.



LOUISE BARNETT APPEARS DADED BY HER GRIEF, REFUSING TO TALK, AVOIDING EVEN ROY.





THIS IS ONE
PLAY YOU
MISSED,
CORBIN!



BLAST YOU,
ROGERS! I WAS
ONLY TRYING
TO SCARE HER—
IN FUN.

YOU'RE A RAT, CORBIN,
AND SHOOTING'S TOO
GOOD FOR YOU!



ROY!
REMEMBER
THAT NIGHT
WHEN WE
BOTH SMELLED
POWDER
SMOKE?

FROM THIS GUN?
YES, I RECKON THE
BULLETS THAT
KILLED YOUR DAD
WILL MATCH IT.



THAT SPOOKED HIM!
LET GO—

NO, ROY! NO MORE
SHOOTING! THE
LAW WILL TAKE
CARE OF HIM...
PLEASE!



WELL, HE'S DONE—YOU
TOOK CARE OF THAT!
AND A MAN CAN BORROW
THE LAW A LONG TIME
IN THIS COUNTRY.

I DON'T
CARE, ROY!
THERE'S
BEEN TOO
MUCH
KILLING!



I'M GOING FOR A
RIDE-ANYWHERE
AWAY FROM
THIS HOUSE!

I'LL SADDLE YOUR
HORSE AND MINE,
SEEING THAT
CORBIN IS ON
THE LOOSE



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT
YET! WHAT COULD TURN
A MAN LIKE GLENN
INTO SUCH A HEAVEN
FIEND?

LOTS OF THINGS,
I RECKON



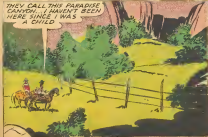
THERE'S ONE! MANY A MAN'S
TURNED KILLER FOR A
RANCH WORTH LESS
THAN THE 2 BAR



BUT THAT CAN'T BE THE ANSWER
GLENN HAS HALF OF THE 2 BAR'S
INCOME BY DAD'S WILL-EVEN
THOUGH THE PROPERTY IS IN
MY NAME



THEY CALL THIS PARADISE
CANYON. I HAVEN'T BEEN
HERE SINCE I WAS
A CHILD



CUT THE WIRE!
WE'RE RIDING
IN, BOY

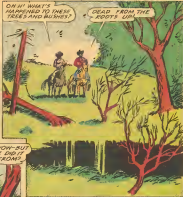


THERE USED TO BE A LOVELY
LITTLE SPRING IN HERE — A
TINY POOL, BORDERED WITH
GRASS AND FLOWERS



OH NO! WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO THESE
TREES AND BUSHES?

DEAD FROM THE
ROOTS UP!



HERE'S THE
REASON—
OIL! CAUSE
OIL! SOARED
INTO THE
GROUND

I SMELL IT NOW—BUT
WHERE DID IT
COME FROM?



I RECKON THIS TELLS THE
STORY—A DRILLING TOWER!



YOUR DAD KNEW
NOTHING OF THIS OIL
PROSPECTING, LOUISIE?

NO! BUT I CAN SEE THE
WHOLE PICTURE NOW,
CLEARLY—TOD CLEARLY,
ROY!



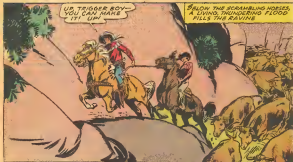
TWO EASTERNERS TRIED TO
BUY THE E BAR SIX MONTHS
AGO... DAD LOVED EVERY
ACRE OF HIS RANCH, AND
THEIR LIVING MADE HIM
SORE — HE HUSTLED THEM
OFF THE PLACE





BLANKETS, SLICKERS, AND SHRIIL YELLS SPEED THE PANICKED BRUTES







IF GLENN CORBIN
CATCHES ONE
HE'LL CATCH
BOTH OF US.
THAT'S FINAL!

HE WON'T
WAITE I CAN
STILL RIDE
AND SHOOT,
PARTNER



TEN AFTER DAY MOVING
DEEPER INTO THE WILD
CANYON COUNTRY, LOUIE
SENSES CORBIN IS STILL
FOLLOWING.



RIDERS ON THE SKYLINE - AND
ROY HALF CONSCIOUS WITH WOUND
FEVER! GOD HELP US!



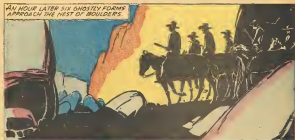
ROY, I'M TRYING YOU
TO YOUR SADDLE -
SO YOU CAN'T FALL
WE'VE GOT TO
RIDE FASTER -
UNDERSTAND?

LU-HUM, RIDE ALL
DAY, ALL NI!
ALWAYS RIDING..

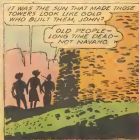
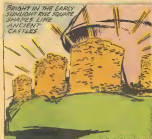


MOONRISE FINDS THEM
SHAMBLING THROUGH A
BOULDER-STREWN GORGE
ON DEAD-BEAT MOUNTS











NO FEAR, MY
SISTER! NOBODY
LIVE-UM BUT
YOU AN' ME

BUT JOHN—
THEY LOOK SO—
SO TERRIBLY
NATURAL!



WE MAKE UM LIGHT... OLD
PEOPLE DIE FIGHTING—
NEEDS-UM WE FIND-UM
'NOTHER BOW AN'
ARROWS FOR YOU



UGH! THIS BOW
STILL GOOD BUT
NO DOT-UM
STRING

AND LOOK! THE
HEADS ARE FALLING
OFF THE OLD ARROW
SHIFTS



THEN WE TAKE OLD
PEOPLE UP TO ROCK...
MAKE-UM RUSTLERS
THINK WE
DOT-UM BIG
CROWD!



I'VE GOT SHELLS ENOUGH
TO HOLD 'EM OFF TILL
DARK— BUT THEN I
RECKON THE JID WILL
BE UP FOR US!



NO NEED TO RUSH THAT
TOWER TILL DARK ONLY
WAY THE THREE OF 'EM
CAN LEAVE IS COVERED
BY OUR GUNS

YEAH? YOU
SHOULD'VE THOUGHT
OF THAT BEFORE,
CORBIN!



SLOWLY THE LONG DAYLIGHT HOURS
PASS. DUSK CLOAKS THE CANYON
AND THE "POWERS OF GOLD"



POY ROGERS—YOU
OKAY? HE HELP-
UM CLIMB-UM
LADDER NOW



THANKS JOHN
TOO BAD WE
DIDN'T BRING ANY
GRUB OR WATER

WE GOT-UM CORN
AND WATER HERE...
NO TIME TO CARRY
UM UP WHEN
BULLETS COME
CLOSE



YOU TAKE-UM
DRINK—THEN WE
CLIMB-UM LADDER
POLE



YOU DRINK FIRST,
JOHN—YOU'RE AS
THIRSTY AS I AM

HEY—!

DUCK-UM!
RUSTLERS COME!



POUR IT INTO 'EM—
LOW TO THE GROUND!





TWO GUNMEN FALL WOUNDED—A
THIRD WITH AN ARROW IN HIS HEART









TRIGGER

TRAILS THE HERD



PLAYMATES A HOOD OF
HILF-WILD RANGE MALES?



BUT THE BIG BLACK STALLION
WHO LEADS THEM TRUMPETS
A CHALLENGE

EEEE-OUGH!



"NO STRANGERS ALLOWED! CLEAR OUT OR
FIGHT!" IS THE MEANING OF THAT WICKED
SCREAM.



WHIRLING, TRIGGER LANDS A SOLID BLOW



LIKE LIGHTNING HE REARS TO MEET THE
BLACK'S HAMMERING FORELEGS



THIS DUEL IS TO THE DEATH! BOTH HORSES
FENCE LIKE SWORDSMEN TO GET IN A
CRIPPING BITE.



AS THE STALLION LUNGES
FOR TRIGGER'S REINS, THE
RAVING WOLF TEETH CLOSE
ON HIS ENEMY'S NECK



BREAKING FREE, THE PIERCE
HERD LEADER BACKS OFF



FEELING THAT THE BLACK LEADER
ROUNDS UP HIS MARES AND COLTS—
THE NEW CHIEF THREATENS ALL!

AT THAT MOMENT THE WILD HERD'S
SENTRY, A WHITE OLD MARE, CALLS
"DANGER!"



WICK-ER-EE!



SUDDENLY TRIGGER SPOTS THE
CAUSE OF THEIR FLIGHT—



—A BUNCH OF HORSE THIEVES RUSTLING THE
BRANDED RANGE STOCK



AS THE SOUNDS OF PURSUIT FADE AWAY,
TRIGGER MOVES BACK TO THE HIDDEN SPRING.



A ROLL IN THE COOL, GREEN
GRASS IS A RARE LUXURY



BUT THAT NIGHT, THE DISTANT MOORNFUL
HOWL OF A TIMBER WOLF...



AFTER A LONG, WHITE NIGHT, HERE TRIGGER
LONG FOR COMRADESHIP



NOSING THE GROUND LIKE A HOUND,
THE GOLDEN PALOMINO TRAILS
THE STAMPEDED HORSE HERD



DRIVING THEM HIMSELF
ON THE TRAILS OF THE
LAMB, HEARD IN A
MARE, ROCKY GORGE



THE HERD SCENT IS FRESH HERE, BUT A
BRUSH FENCE BARS THE WAY



JUST BEYOND THE
BARRIER RISES A
BABY CANYON



A MOMENT'S SEARCH REVEALS A GAP



AT FIRST GLANCE THE HORSE TRAP SEEMS EMPTY..



THEN TRIGGER DISCOVERS THE COLT—
IT'S LONG, BANGLY LEGS CAUGHT
IN THE PILED BRUSH.



A LITTLE TUGGING AND PULLING DOES THE TRICK



FREE AGAIN THE LONELY BABY
PRESSES CLOSE TO TRIGGER'S FLANK



BUT NEITHER TRIGGER NOR EXEMPLE CAN PERSUADE
THE YOUNGESTER TO APPROACH THE GAP



INSIDE THE BRUSH FENCE IS ENOUGH GRASS AND
WATER FOR THE BLACK COLT'S NEEDS...



TRIGGER, HOWEVER, SCENTS DANGER
IN THE CANYON'S VERY AIR—AND
KEEPS AGONIZING WATCH OVER HIS
LITTLE FRIEND.



LATE ONE AFTERNOON, A
SHADOWY FORM STEALS DOWN
FROM THE RIM-ROCK



EEEE-EEE!



THE COLT CRY OF TERROR
BRINGS A LIGHTNING-
SWIFT RESPONSE



EVEN SO, THE BIG PALOMINO
IS BARELY IN TIME



TWISTING LIKE A SNAKE, THE
BIG CAT DODGES—



—AND LEAPS TO THE BRAVE
HORSE'S BACK



INCH BY INCH HE CLAWS HIS WAY
TOWARD THE PALOMINO'S NECK.



IN DESPERATION TRIGGER HURLS
HIMSELF BACKWARD—AGAINST
THE CANYON'S WALL



CRUSHED AND DYING, THE TAWNY
KILLER IS NO MATCH FOR
TRIGGER'S PUSHING HOOF



FORGETTING HIS OWN WOUNDS, THE GOLDEN HORSE QUIETS HIS LITTLE KID—THE ENEMY IS DEAD!



THERE'S THE TR. COPS OF YOUR PALOMINO'S SHOES, ROY—THE RUSTLERS GOT HIM, TOO.

LOOKS THAT WAY, SHORTY.



NO, THEY DIDN'T! TRIGGER WAS WALKING—THE OTHERS RUNNING... HE WAS TRAILING THEM, BOYS.

WELL, I'LL BE A SHEPHERD!



TRIGGER! AND THAT BLACK COLT IS THUNDERCLOUDS... BUT SOMETHING HAS CLAWED THEM UP!



HERE'S WHAT TRIGGER LEFT OF THE GUNS, BOY—POUNDED TO A PULP!



YOU SAVED THE BEST COLT IN THAT HERD, TRIGGER BOY! AND IF YOU COULD HANDLE GUNS, I RECKON YOU'D HAVE WIPED OUT THE RUSTLERS, TOO!





